

THE TOWPATH

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THE NEW BREMEN HISTORIC ASSOCIATION
JULY 2018

VISIT NEW BREMEN MUSEUMS

At the NBHA, nothing makes us happier than having new or repeat visitors come to our museums. Our displays in both museums are continually evolving and we would love to have you view our accomplishments.

We have included several photos of recent visitors. Please plan a visit soon.



From Left: Wesley Maurer, Dennis Dicke, Gen Conradi, Nanette & Chris Sweet. Seated: Sandra Conradi & Mary Maurer. The Maurers are from Michigan's UP, The Sweets are from Virginia and Sandra Conradi is from S. Carolina.



From left: Ted Hoffman (NC), Rosemary Hoffman (Wash. DC), Henri Hoffman (NC) & John & Merrily Hoffman (NB).



Johanne Rumley (Denmark), Katja Kilian (Bremen, Germany), Julie Dicke (Cincinnati), Kathryn & Dale Dicke (Ohio).

From California-

Bill Schmitt is the great grandson of Frank T. Boesel and the great-great grandson of Charles "Carl" Boesel, Sr., New Bremen early pioneer.

During his visit, Bill made a 3-D interactive tour of the Luelleman House. Go to <https://my.matterport.com/show/?m=AfATSKwulai&ts=0> to view the tour.

Thank you, Bill!



"THE TOWPATH" is a historical reflection of New Bremen and the surrounding area published quarterly by the New Bremen Historic Association and mailed to all members. We welcome stories, pictures and suggestions of topics from our readers.

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MEMBER DEATHS

4/24/2018 **Jeanie (Glass) (Ganger) Rigsby**

5/28/2018 **Duane Hegemier LM**

6/1/2018 **Jean Dickman LM**

6/7/2018 **Wayne Maurer LM**

(CM=Charter Member LM=Life Member)

DONATIONS

Emily & Howard Reisner

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

In Memory of Jerry Scheer by Gary Wehmeyer

**In Memory of Everet & Anna Mae Topp by Gene,
Gary & Greg Topp**

**In Memory of Jeanie (Glass) (Ganger) Rigsby by
James Rigsby**

2017 Monthly Raffle Winners

April- \$100 Josh Ziegenbusch (California), \$75 Don Kettler (NB), \$50 Tom Philpot (NB).

May - \$100 Joe Borkowski (NB), \$75 Emily Reisner (North Carolina), \$50 Kurt Warner (NB)

June - \$100 Dave Hirschfeld (NB), \$75 Holly Hotchkiss (Dayton, OH), \$50 Richard Falkner (NB)

***NBHA Board Members especially thank those winners
who have chosen to increase the profits
by returning their winnings.***

ITEMS RECENTLY DONATED TO MUSEUM

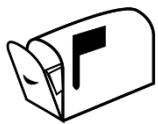
Child's rocker & commode made by Christ Otte, 2 Horsman dolls, 9 books local history, military photos from 1950s, land tax records (1834, 1838, 1848), news clippings, 2 file cabinets, Christ Otte journals by **Lucille Francis**; Beatrice Foods wooden milk crate by **Dennis Dicke**; Rotary dial phone, Arcade sales slip, Dairy fire photos by **Mary Moeller**; Lock Two sales slip by **Ron Kremer**; Early photos & church programs by **Amy Scheer**; small NB blanket by **Bruce & Karen Campbell**; Dress form & dress from Ruth Luelleman by **Carol Ruese**.

Board meetings are held the first Tuesday of each month.

Membership Dues

\$25.00 per year (includes spouse/S.O. at same address)

Lifetime membership - \$250.00 (includes spouse/S.O. at same address)



LETTERS...

Would it be possible to receive your newsletter abroad? I currently reside in Bremen, Germany and would be interested in learning more about New Bremen and its history. Cheers, **Herr Reese Osta (Germany)**

Just finished reading the most recent newsletter. As always, you did an amazing job. Lots of photos and good information. Ray and I would have been at the banquet had we been in New Bremen, but we were traveling. Thanks for all you do for the community of New Bremen. **JoAnne Meckstroth (New Bremen)**

Loving the WWI pieces in the Towpath. Just something I came across that wasn't sure you had from the The Evening Star in Washington DC, 1929. (More information about Lewis Poppe.) **Rodney Suchland (New Bremen)**

I very much enjoy reading the Towpath when it comes. In fact I just read the October 2017 edition which had been mis-delivered to a neighbor... The photo of the coffee cake brought back a memory that perhaps you could fill in. As a very young boy, I lived on, I think, Vine Street. My mother used to send me every week, coins in hand, to get baked goods to the home of two elderly sisters who I believe lived nearby on Route 274. Does anyone remember having a similar experience? Who were the bakers? I remember their coffee cake as being very good! **Duane Dammeyer (California)**

Editor: This is what I know about the coffee cake bakers. The Kuest sisters lived on East Monroe Street during the 1950s and baked coffee cakes once a week to supplement their income. Ida Kuest worked at Kuenzel Mills and Anna was a New Bremen telephone operator. I also remember seeing all the baked goods ready for pick-up and the wonderful aroma!

Jeanie Glass Ganger Rigsby

Obituary 1934-2018

I was born September 27, 1934 in Piqua, Ohio to Betty and Lester Glass. My brother, John was born three years later in 1937. In between, we had a sister who was born stillborn. I always wondered what it would have been like to have a sister to share girl's secrets with, etc.... At a young age, maybe four, I almost became the notorious nude stripper of Piqua public streets. We lived on Main Street right next to Bennett School and I had just recently learned to dress and undress. It was a Sunday afternoon and I had slipped out of the house, right out in front. I gently took off each piece of clothing and piled it all



neatly on the grass and then just as neatly put it back on. The neighbors caught my show and thought my folks ought to know about it, that was the very last show.

Because of the effects of the Depression, my Dad, as many others, had trouble finding work. We moved

to Richmond, Indiana in approximately 1938 or 1939 where Dad went to work for the Crosley Company. My brother and I were written up in the Crosley magazine and I was going to be a singer on WLW and John was going to play on the Cincinnati Reds. Rosemary Clooney got my job and Johnny Bench may have gotten my brother's.

In 1943, my Dad got a job with the Dayton Dailey News in the County Circulation Department and we moved to New Bremen, Ohio. We bought a home and lived in New Bremen until the summer of 1951.

Some of my classmates are still very good friends and I shall always cherish my growing up years in New Bremen. Dad's territory changed in 1951 and we moved back to Piqua, Ohio. I went from a class of 21 students to a class of 152 at Piqua Central High School. Needless to say, it was quite a change.

After graduation in 1952, I worked full-time at an Advertising/Direct Mail firm, Yeck Brothers, in 1967 as a receptionist, and through hard work, eventually became a secretary to the Vice-President in the Creative Department. I enjoyed my work at the Rike-Kumler Company and Yeck Brothers very much and made good friends, continuing through today.

In 1972, my son Greg and I moved to Waterloo, Indiana where my folks had retired to and by brother, his wife and five children lived. I met my husband, my forever soulmate Jim in 1973 and we were married. We've been married 45 years and they have been good and happy years with roller coaster hills and valleys that we've managed to survive.

Anyone reading this may be saying "what kind of an obituary is this?" For several years I always have to see the obituary pages, and I read about the folks and I see where there are so many children, grandchildren, etc., and I wonder how the funeral home is going to hold them all. Or there is only a few lines and I hope those folks had good lives. This is for all those who I knew or knew me, who I am glad to have known, until we meet again, yours always, "Jeanie."

(Services were held April 30, 2018 at Baird Funeral Home, Troy, Ohio. Her brother, John Glass, died on April 9, 2018.)

Jeanie was a great mom to Greg and a wonderful wife for 45 years. She had a lot of friends and told New Bremen stories about the picture show, swimming pool, her friend Dorothy Moeller and Dorothy's Mom, Olga. She would also talk about the other girls and some of the boys who were her Dad's (Lester Glass) paper boys. Her good friend Mary Klein has four great granddaughters that they called Little Trouble. I think Jeanie loved them as much as Mary.

I can't think of all the friends and all the good times and all of the thoughts she had of New Bremen. Think of her because she is thinking of you.

Husband of a good and loving woman, **Jim Rigsby**



NBHA NEWS...

Edith Blanke Wissman celebrated her 90th birthday on May 2, 2018. Edith, daughter of Lester and Lorraine "Toots" Blanke, graduated NBHS, Class of 1946. In 1950 she married John Wissman and

they were blessed with two daughters – Chris & Bill Poeppelman and Cindy & Jerry Newman. Edith is a Life Member of the NBHA and was our featured Annual Dinner Meeting speaker in 2012 and again in 2018. Happy Birthday, Edith!



Available for \$10.00! A flash memory drive that contains over 1600 pictures and slides taken in and around New Bremen since the 1880s. Many of the pictures are of excellent quality. Contains an index that lists names and location if known. Contact **Don Gagel** 419-629-3325 or e-mail dongagel1@gmail.com for your flash memory drive. (If you can add to the missing names and information for any of the photos, contact Don Gagel so that he can add the proper information to our records.)

To the Class of '63 (Heidelberg)

Gil, Gilly, Gilby...! Why did I go down to Columbus? Simple, I had to get away from those nick names that somehow followed me from New Bremen to Tiffin! Funny about that, I sure never mentioned them.... But the truth is that Dr. Stinchcomb's physics classes and labs revealed that I liked electrical stuff: stuff like electrons, and magnetic and electric fields, and other sparky things. OMG, how did I miss that all through high school? It must have been the good doctor connecting with me in a way that our high school basketball coach/physics teacher never could, with his X's and O's approach to explaining atomic theory that had me wondering if it was a fast break or a carbon atom in that fuzzy diagram on the black board. Or maybe he hated me for missing those game tying free throws? Never figured it out, especially the physics. But somehow, I decided I should be an engineer and live with

electrons and stuff, and OSU had engineering degrees.

And I couldn't sing. Seemed everyone else at the 'berg could sing like angels. I had to slink away when some of you would break into some beautiful choral number and look at me wondering why I wasn't singing. I'd slip back to my room and turn my little 7 tube radio on to some rock-a-billy station and hope no passing upper-class man would hear Jerry Lee Lewis's *Great Balls of Fire* slithering out from under my door. Banishment was a possibility.

(But rock and roll was okay at Ohio State; what with us lowbrows down there.)

But enough: I just want to say that I remember the friends I made in one year at Heidelberg better than nearly all of those made in four more years at Ohio State. I'm not bashing OSU in saying that; it's just that the 'berg is a friendlier place than OSU's 35,000 (in 1960) students ever could be. But the football and basketball teams in those years were something else: Lucas, Havlicek, Bobby Knight(!), and Siegfried on the hardwood, and Matt Snell, Paul Warfield and Bob Ferguson in the 'shoe. I couldn't complain....

Oh, but there is another funny thing or two I want to mention: English Literature and Professor McKenzie. Our first writing assignment; remember, the one in the first or second week when he asked for—demanded is a better description—a paper of 500 words—topic of our choice—due by the next Monday? Other than having to write 500 times, "I will never show dirty pictures to Linda again" after getting caught in 4th grade doing just that with a National Graphic "centerfold" picture of a native African woman, I'd never written anything longer than five or six lines. The paper he returned to me looked like he'd used a three-inch paint brush to apply his comments. There was more red on my humiliated little three-page paper than lead from my scribbled Eberhard Faber No. 2 ramblings. I think his concluding comment was something like: "And what made you want to come to college.....?" That was around the same time we all had to take an "aptitude" test administered by the dean of men with a follow up interview and come-to-Jesus moment when we all found out what we were really cut out for. I discovered—was told—that the reason I was placed on earth was that I'd be a really good farmer—or auto mechanic . . . !

I miss you all and am very sorry to have missed this occasion. Maybe another time—60 years? In the meantime, read a good book! (Robert Gilberg books on Amazon, or www.tamborrelwriter.com.)

Bob (Gilly) Gilberg

Bob has completed his 4th book. Way to go, Bob!!





A VISIT WITH GRANDPA OTTE

Lucille Topp Francis with her
Grandpa Otte & her dog Mickey

Two little pieces of
furniture have been added
to our *Furniture Made in
New Bremen* Collection at

the Pape House. Lucille Topp Francis and Kathy Topp have donated their childhood furniture treasures made by their Grandfather Christian Otte. And we know the exact date the chairs were completed because Lucille and Kathy have also donated the very interesting diaries that their Grandfather wrote in almost daily from 1896 to 1947.

Christian Johann Bernhard (Christ) Otte was born June 26, 1870 near New Bremen to Wilhelm Johann and Anna Marie Elizabeth Sollman Otte. He was the fourth child of nine children in his family. Christ was a farmer and a carpenter.

The first diary we have begins in January of 1896. From then until 1905 he entered his purchases, such as bull calf \$10.43, 18 bushels of feed-.90, horse shoeing - \$1.10, saw & Hatchet - \$2.10. He also listed where he worked, his income and who he paid board to.

In 1900 he listed his carpenter tools: 12 chisels (1/8" to 2"), set of 3 Bailey planes, 1 drawing knife, reversible automatic screwdriver (*probably a spiral ratchet device*), Stanley adjustable plumb and level, 1 foot rule, Stanley sliding T bevel, Stanley improved marking gauge, 8 inch wing divider, Starrett's improved scribe, saw clamps, mitre, and keyhole saw.

It isn't until 1905 that we learned about his daily life. He visited in relatives in Dayton and noted that he started home on the 2:18 interurban car and arrived home at 6:00 pm. He helped others with such tasks as butchering, wallpapering and plumbing in the winter of 1905.

On January 26, 1905 he wrote that "our lodge burned down, gas explosion." He belonged to Knights of Pythias whose lodge was located in the Dierker building at the corner of Washington & Monroe Streets in New Bremen. Among the requirements to become a Knight of Pythias

were the following: *he must be a white male, of good moral character, between 21 and 50 years of age, believe in a Supreme Being, be in good health and sound in mind and body, be able to read and write,*



must not be a professional gambler, saloonkeeper or bartender and must believe in order and authority.

On April 3, 1905 he wrote that the fare to Burwell, Nebraska was \$25.40 with no special rates, so we assume that he was planning a trip. Earlier he had corresponded with his older brother Will about the availability of land in Nebraska. Older brother Will had left home in 1883, at the tender age of 16 years, to join the homesteading movement in Nebraska and he was encouraging his brothers-Christ, Henry and Fred- to follow him to Nebraska and get the free land offered by the federal government.

In the meantime Christ was seeing Dorothea (Dora) Louise Alwine Schelper and referred to her as "his girl" in June of that year. He noted dances that he attended and often mentioned that he saw Dora at those dances. Late that fall he attended a Democratic Jollification Dance and he wrote that the next day he had Jollification sickness.

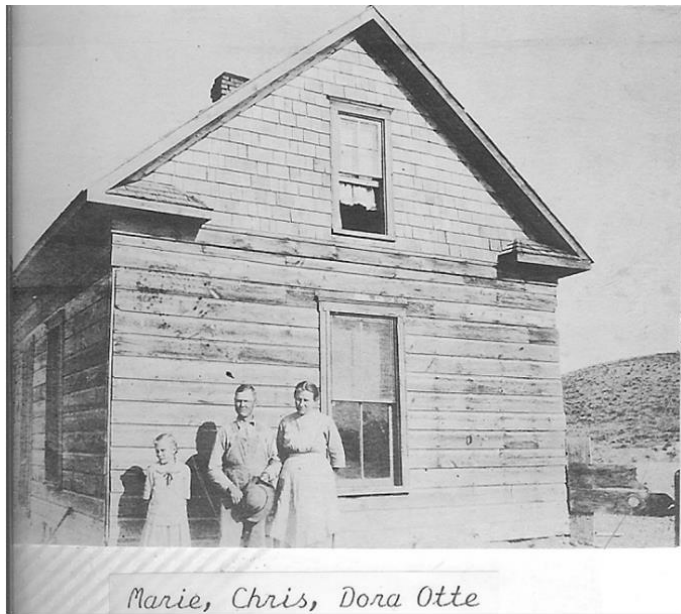
Christ Otte and Dora Schelper were married on December 14, 1905 at 6:00 pm. Dora, born in 1882, was 12 years younger than Christ. He made a list of his wedding expenses in his diary: \$1.75 for 80 invitations, \$.50 stamps, \$11.65 spent at Mueller Brothers, \$3.50 shoes, \$8.50 Schwepe Hall rental, \$19.10 beer & kimmel, \$5.25 cigars, for a total of \$77.25.

And then Christ and his brother Henry decided to join Will in Nebraska and become homesteaders. Their brother Fred, who stayed in New Bremen and did not join his brothers in the venture, died unexpectedly of heart failure at 33 years of age in 1909.

In January of 1907 Christ traveled to Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska to check on available land to homestead and made the deal for 160 acres on February 2, 1907. He returned to Ohio later that month and their daughter Marie was born on March 12, 1907.

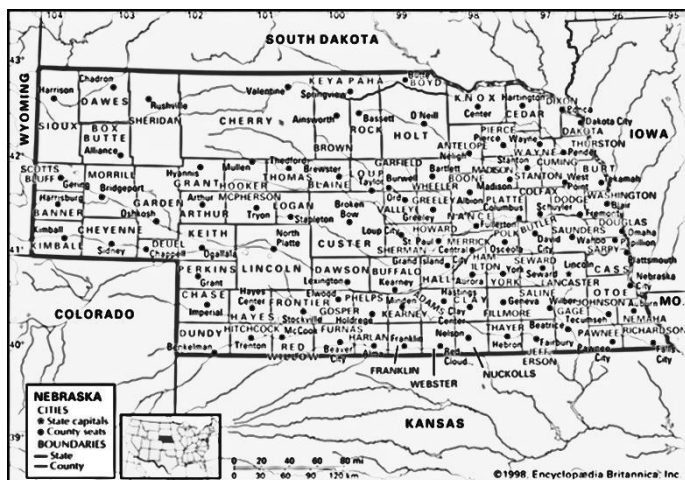
In May, Christ and his family traveled to Nebraska to homestead. The Homestead Act of 1862 allowed the homesteader 160 acres for a fee of \$18.00 with the requirement that they would live on the land five years, build a home, make improvements and farm the land. After that time the land would be theirs if they could offer proof that they had met the requirements.

Upon arrival in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, Christ shopped for household items and the list of his purchases reads: \$1.35 board for shelving, \$6.00 stove, & 1.00 two tubs, \$0.25 coal bucket, \$5.70 bed, \$6.00 mattress, \$4.75 spring, \$5.40 six chairs, \$0.90 knives & forks, \$0.75 cups & saucers, \$0.75 plates, \$0.40 water bucket & coal oil can, \$1.00 granite bucket, \$0.45 skillet, \$0.55 granite dish, \$0.45 dishpan, \$0.50 teakettle, \$0.50 slop jar, \$0.50 lamp, \$0.45 wash board, \$10.25 baby cart, \$0.65 cloth. Total \$49.55. On the next page is a picture of the home he built.



Marie, Chris, Dora Otte

At their home in Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska



The town of Scottsbluff, Nebraska (Scotts Bluff County) is in the western panhandle near Wyoming border.

The Otte family faced challenges in Nebraska. One of those challenges was the weather which is always a challenge for the farmer. Christ often described the weather as too wet, dry, hot or cold. There were long cold spells in the winter well below zero degrees. One winter Christ wrote that the snow was so high with drifts that he could not get to the barn.

Another challenge for the family was their distance from parents and siblings. When the telegram came that Dora's mother was quite ill, Dora and Marie traveled home to be with the family and provide assistance. When Christ's youngest brother Fred died, Christ boarded the train to Ohio to be with his family. Christ's father also died while they were in Nebraska. Christ was concerned about who would care for his mother while he was away.

Christ's physical health was an ongoing challenge. In July of 1909 he fell from a wagon and suffered a broken

leg. From the description in his diary, the fracture was severe and resulted in an infection which bothered him for some time. It was necessary for him to stay in a sanitarium for several weeks and then have frequent doctor visits after he returned home. His brothers and neighbors helped with farm tasks and Dora kept notes in the diary.

Another entry in the 1914 diary, describes an illness that lasted about two weeks and required him to stay in bed and see a doctor. He called the illness *small pox*.

Concerned about the care of his mother and other family members, Christ, Dora and 12 year old Marie made plans to return to Ohio in 1919. They sold the farmland to Christ's brother Henry, crated their belongings to ship by freight and bid farewell to friends and relatives in Scotts Bluff County. They left on May the 7th in a car that Christ bought for the trip, an Overland Model 90 Touring Car.



GRANDPA OTTE'S NEW OVERLAND
Christ Otte, Elizabeth Otte (his mother),
Lizzie Kuenning (his sister),
Wilbur Kuenning's Great Dane

The trip took them nine days. They traveled 1346 miles, used 83 gallons of gas (\$22.03), and 3 ½ gallons of oil. They spent \$42.12 on lodging, food & oil for a total of \$64.15. According to his diary, the car required a great deal of servicing and attention but Christ knew what to do and kept it running.

Returning home they purchased a farm west of New Bremen. Christ farmed the land and added new hen houses and hog barns. He continued to do carpenter work for others. Marie completed high school in New Bremen and graduated with the Class of 1925. Dora and Marie both worked at the Kuenzel Mills for a time.

In 1933 Marie married Lafe Topp and settled on a nearby farm. Christ made many entries in his diaries about work and repairs he did for them and also how Lafe helped him with the work. He announced the good news of his first grandchild born on February 28, 1938 – a nine pound baby girl, all well and happy.



Commode & Rocking Chair made by Christian Otte in 1938.



Within a few weeks he had made a commode (March 16, 1938) for the child and then completed a highchair. The all-walnut crib was next, followed by a rocking chair (May 23, 1938).

Later that summer his leg began to bother him again. He said it was very painful and he was not able to do very much for a while.

By the end of September he was back in his workshop and made a coaster for "the little one." Soon he began to call her by name but varied the spelling at times to Luceal or Loucille. By January of 1942 he called her Cilie or Silie sometimes, but mostly Lucille and saw her almost daily.

Tragedy struck for him the next year. His wife Dora suffered a stroke unexpectedly, was unable to speak and did not rally. She died on October 29, 1943 and he prayed, "Oh dear Lord, give us peace." He wrote in his diary that his best friend was gone forever. He tried to work but he had no pep. He described the days as dark & dreary and melancholy. And then he came down with a bad cold and had a miserable Christmas.

The next summer he made a six week train trip to Scottsbluff, Nebraska to see his brother Henry. He marveled at the changes in the 25 years since he left. The trees were taller and thicker, new buildings had appeared. He helped his brother put a cement floor in one of the buildings. He also helped with the threshing.

On January 9, 1945, Christ announced in his diary that a daughter (Kathleen Louise) was born to Marie. He had been staying with Marie and Lafe since the death of his wife but he decided to move to St. Marys, live on his own and open a furniture repair business. The idea was good but the business did not pan out. He then took a job with the Spoke Works in St. Marys but the work was difficult and he often did not feel well. On November 13, 1946, he welcomed a grandson saying all is well and I am happy but in the next breath he described himself as feeling lost and lonely.

This farmer and talented carpenter lived an interesting life. He was a hard worker and was not fearful of trying new ways to solve problems. He experienced both success and hardship as a homesteader. During his stay in Nebraska his father and youngest brother died so he returned home to care for his mother. He could fix just

Dora & Christ Otte with Lucille

about anything. His world came apart when his wife Dora died. In 1947 at the age of 77 years he wanted to repeat his patterns of hard work but he did not have the strength and stamina of a younger man. He also felt lost without Dora and very lonely. He began to slip in his ability to care for himself and he quit writing in his diary. His final days were spent with supervision at the Auglaize County Home. There he was safe and warm in winter and had good food to eat. He lived to the age of 88 years.



Lowell & Lucille (Topp) Francis with Diaries written by her Grandfather Otte.



THE TOPP FAMILY CHRISTMAS - 1981
BACK: Stan & Jane Topp, Kathy Topp, Lucille & Lowell Francis
FRONT: Marie Topp, Steven Topp, Lafe Topp



“A Visit with Grandpa Otte” on page 5 showed the importance of family journals. The following article by **Katy Gilbert** echoes that sentiment.

Katy Gilbert at Museum Book Signing in 2003.

Katy Berning Gilbert

Do you remember Katy Gilbert? You may have known this New Bremen native personally or feel as if you did from reading her interesting articles that appeared in area newspapers. She also compiled a book featuring the stories of Auglaize County veterans *A Military Memoir of World War II*. This book and her articles all show Katy's goal to preserve history by telling about the life and times of her subjects.

Kathryn Berning Gibert was born in the New Bremen area in 1938 the daughter of Richard and Madella Egbert Berning. A 1956 graduate of New Bremen High School, she continued her education in Dayton and worked there for over 20 years. After moving back to Auglaize County she worked as a writer for area newspapers and compiled her book of WWII interviews. She had plans to compile another book of WWII stories when she died suddenly in 2006. She was survived at that time by two daughters, three sons and four grandchildren.

We plan to reprint some of Katy's articles in the Towpath. The ones chosen for this issue give her views on the importance of preserving our history written in letters and journals.

LETTERS COMPRISE REAL HISTORY

By Katy Gilbert (*The Evening Leader*, 10/19/1999)

...Preserving and sharing our family history should be an important part of our daily lives. Your family's life, written in a daily journal, is an important part of our history. It is never too late to start.

Twenty years from now, we will only read or view the generic events of 1999 as written by historians from a general overview of the population. Very few letters or journals will be available about an individual's everyday life.

I say this because communication has changed drastically over the years. For years, letters were the primary source of communication. Family and friends exchanged written words about their hopes and dreams, their joys and sadness, in letters that could be read,

reread, cherished and saved. These letters now coming out of attics in shoe boxes tied with ribbon or string, are read again to give us new insight into the lives of our family and others living in that time period.

Now the world is made up of sound bytes, electronic mail, facsimiles and other quick pieces of electronic data that we absorb and wipe out in short order. The mailman comes with bills, advertisements and letters from companies that got your name from a mailing list. I don't know how much of this information we want to save for posterity.

The telephone at least gives us a human connection on occasion; it's not always a recorded message. But the use of a telephone also cuts back the number of written accounts of our lives.

Please don't misunderstand me. I love all these conveniences – the telephone, my computer and the time-saving quick pieces of information – but we must take time to write those letters or a journal regarding our daily living and our thoughts for future generations. Write about the price of groceries, if you got the beans harvested or your day at the factory. Write about your life.

The last half of this century has moved fast. Everyone is busy. And we are a throwaway society – we save very little. Our parents and grandparents, afraid of another Depression, saved everything. Buttons and zippers from old clothing, old dresses or suits were cut down for a younger or smaller member of the family and scraps used for patches or a quilt. Paper scraps were hoarded and pencils were used down to an inch in length. I know my grandfather saved and prized those little stubs of pencils.

Letters, pictures and scrapbooks were put away, then pulled out again for reminiscing. Our parents and grandparents worked hard every day. They didn't have the time-saving devices we have now, but they made time for the family get-togethers, for communicating with each other and reminiscing. They saved their history with letters, scrapbooks, pictures and telling stories to their grandchildren about the past. Somehow, we must do the same.

When cleaning out attics, yours or those of family members who have passed away, stop and look at the history. It may be a letter about a drought or a rainy season. It could be about falling in love, a new baby, or a letter from someone in service. These letters are important to someone.

Maybe there is a picture of Uncle Bill in front of a business that no longer exists, or a picture of your uncles playing in a dance band.

Looking at pictures and letters are important ways to understand the lives of others. Don't throw them away! If you or your family isn't interested, call your local

historical or genealogical society. They may be able to use them.

Tell your stories to your children or grandchildren. You can write it in a journal, tell your story on tape or tell me. I'd love to hear your stories.

Young or old, you can start this now. We can "round out" the stories in the history books by telling your family what you remember you were doing when JFK was shot or when Neil Armstrong landed on the moon. Were you at Woodstock? Tell them about it. What about VJ Day or VE Day?

You, your family, your life is important. Talk about it. Write about it.

YOUR STORIES TO YOUR CHILDREN

By Katy Gilbert (*The Evening Leader* 1999)

Last week, I suggested that everyone keep some type of journal or record of daily life for the sake of family history. Believe it or not, it is important and it soon will become a part of your life. And once you start, and share your stories with others, you will find that other people share the same type of memories.

My daughter encouraged me to write the stories of growing up in the 1940s for my grandchildren. Times and traditions change so quickly that if it isn't written, it will be forgotten. I'll tell you one of the stories now, and hope you will share your story later.

Mom made most of our clothing. I don't remember buying clothing from a store until I was about 12 or 14. Special occasions meant that we might order some fabric from Sears and Roebuck or a Montgomery Ward catalog. She might also buy some fabric from the "Arcade" in New Bremen. But the normal fabric of choice was the feed sack.

The feed sack was wonderful source of fabric for women.

Feed for the chickens or other farm animals would be bought at Lock Two Mill or other feed mills in bags made of muslin. This was the fabric they used to make different items for their home and wearing apparel. The stitching would then be removed from the top and sides of the feed bag and she would then have a square of fabric. By the way, the string that was removed was added to a ball of string to be used for another purpose later. Some of the feedbags were white with the company name printed on them. These bags were washed and bleached out and made into underwear, slips or cut in half for dish towels.

Mom would sometimes "dress" these towels by sewing pretty fabric pieces on the end. These were used when we had company. She also dyed some of these feed sacks a pretty rose color and made curtains and a dresser skirt for the dresser in my room.

They also made feed sacks with colorful prints, flowers and paisley designs in them.

These were really in demand by the housewives of that time. If they needed four yards of a certain print, they would buy more bags. After all, they would need the feed for the animals. They would also trade with family and friends. They made dresses, aprons, skirts and many other things. Very useful were those feed sacks! A little different from the designer logo clothing in demand now. The logo then was "Chicken Feed."

The economy was a factor. My family as well as others of the time had struggled through the Depression. You did not throw anything away that could possibly be used again. Clothing that was outgrown was either passed on to someone else in the family or taken apart and reconstructed into something else. Sometimes the fabric was won or torn in such a manner that it couldn't be used as clothing. Buttons, hooks & eyes and, zippers were removed to be used when making another item of clothing. The good parts of the fabric were saved and placed in a box. The fabric was saved for many things depending on the size. It could be a child's shirt or a doll dress. Small pieces could be sewn together for a quilt top. Fabric from work clothing would be used to patch usable work clothing. There was a use for everything. Nothing was wasted.

Darning socks was also part of the mending and sewing day process. Do you know anyone that still darns socks? I don't. I'm not sure if anyone knows how to do that anymore, except those of us who learned this when we were young. When I was young, socks were darned and I learned this bit of sewing magic, too. Some people had darning eggs. These were wooden egg shapes that were slipped into a sock while you darned it. Mom used an old light bulb which worked just as well. The trick was to weave the thread smoothly across the hole and without knots. If you had knots, it caused sore spots or blisters on your feet. So you had to be careful. It was time consuming, sometimes boring, but it was done.

Will Rogers once said, "Things ain't what they used to be, and probably never was."

He's right you know, but the memories are wonderful.



We hope these articles have inspired you to preserve your family stories. We would be happy to publish any you choose to share. Call, write or e-mail Gen or Joyce and tell us about your family stories.

WWI AS REPORTED BY *THE NEW BREMEN SUN* NEWSPAPER

During the summer and fall of 1918 the *New Bremen Sun* continued to print letters from servicemen under the heading "Soldier Mail." Letters of thanks from the soldiers were sent to the Farmers Picnic Association. That organization had decided to share the profits from the 1918 picnic with our soldiers by sending each a small monetary gift.

Other letters concerning the war were included such as this one from Charles Garman the former superintendent of New Bremen schools:

GARMAN'S PLEASED WITH NOBLE RECORD ATTAINED BY NEW BREMEN'S PATRIOTIC CITIZENS

August 12, 1918

Dear Mr. Conradi:

We have not lost our interest in New Bremen in the three years since our departure. It has been a great satisfaction to note how she has nobly refuted all possible early suspicions of pro-Germanism by her splendid contributions, not only by funds but of sons, to the cause of democracy and humanity. From your last issue I note a long list of my former pupils are in the trenches. They have my sincere praise and my earnest prayer...

With best regards to you and all our friends there,
I remain, Sincerely, Chas. C. Garman

September 12th was the next draft registration for all men aged 18 - to 45 years with 257 local registrants. September 12th also marked the first major battle for the American Army under the command of Gen. Pershing. They carried out an attack on the St. Mihiel salient, a part of France south of Verdun that had been under German control since 1914. The campaign was successful and the victory was the first to show the fighting quality of the well-armed American soldiers.

A New Bremen soldier, **1st Lt William Rabe** of the 14th Machine Gun Battalion was cited for distinguished conduct in this action.

William H. Rabe was born January 9, 1891, the son of Theodore and Catherine (Wiemeyer) Rabe. He entered the Army on August 15, 1917 and was assigned to 14 Machine Gun Battalion Infantry. He served in AEF, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Defensive Sector. He was awarded the Silver Star. 1st Lt. Rabe was honorably discharged August 14, 1919, 15% disabled.

The first New Bremen soldier to appear on the casualty list was **Edward Nedderman** who was severely wounded in battle on September 27, 1918. A letter from him with the good news of his recovery was printed in November of that year.

Edward F. Nedderman was born in New Bremen,

September 19, 1893, the son of Wilhelm & Wilhelmine (Niemeyer) Nedderman. He entered the army at the age of 24 years and was assigned to Battery B 324 Field Artillery. He served in AEF, St. Mihiel and Defensive Sector. Private Nedderman was honorably discharged on March 3, 1919, 15% disabled.

The Meuse-Argonne Campaign was part of the final Allied Offensive of the war. It was the largest and longest operation of the AEF fought from September 26, 1918 until the Armistice on November 11. **Lewis Poppe** took part in that battle.

BILL SEEKS MEDAL FOR LEWIS POPPE

Belated Recognition for New Bremen Soldier Who Captured 17 Germans

New Bremen Sun 12/5/1929

With the opening Monday of the seventy-first Congress, Representative John L. Cable, Lima, introduced a bill to grant Lewis J. C. Poppe, New Bremen a Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery in line of duty while with the A.E.F. in France during the world war. The bill was introduced because under existing law governing awards for bravery none can be granted by the war department unless claim was filed before May 26, 1928.

The story of Poppe's heroic exploit in capturing, single-handed and unarmed, 17 German soldiers first appeared in the *Sun* of January 17, 1929, two days after the arrival of Max Christohowitz, one of the German soldiers taken by the New Bremen doughboy.

Poppe was awarded the Silver Star citation for bravery granted in 1920 to members of the First division but never received official recognition for his capture of the 17 Germans on the Roumagne-Sommerance sector October 10, 1918.

At the time Congressman Cable's bill was filed, the following news story also was dispatched from Washington. "Less than a year ago, Max Christohowitz, Lima, who was one of the seventeen Germans captured, came to this country to live. He has filed a sworn statement in support of the bill, telling how the ambush of the seventeen Germans had been undiscovered in the advance of the Americans, October 9, and how they found their position, at the end of the drive, behind the American lines. For a whole day they fired intermittently into the American lines, hoping and waiting for relief. But no relief came, and the ambushed Germans determined to make an open attack the following morning, October 10.

Early on the morning of the tenth, Christohowitz was on lookout duty, while the other sixteen were sleeping in their dugout. Christohowitz heard quick steps, turned around, and came face to face with Poppe, who had no gun but was carrying an armload of canteens.

'I was at the point of pulling the trigger of my pistol, which I had instinctively aimed at his head,' Christohowitz says, 'when he addressed me in German about as follows: "Throw that thing away! I have a couple of hundred men behind me. Resistance would be dangerous for you." I looked at him. His resolute countenance showed no signs of fear and I took him at his word and thought it wise to obey his command so that we

might escape death.'

The other sixteen soldiers heard the conversation and crawled out of the dugout. They were about to kill Poppe. But Christohowitz told them about the 'two hundred men behind the American' and Poppe's fearless and unflinching manner convinced them. To save their own lives, they all surrendered and returned to the lines with Poppe.

The planned attack from ambush was thus avoided, and the lives of many of Poppe's comrades probably were spared. But, in the confusion of the company's field activities, no record was made of his achievement.

The late Secretary of War Good reported to Cable that by the existing law governing awards for bravery none could be made unless claim was filed prior to May 26, 1928.

Christohowitz came here after that date. Obtaining his statement the American Legion Post of New Bremen wrote their congressman. Cable as a result filed this bill to authorize the President 'to present' to Poppe 'in the name of Congress the Medal of Honor.' "

Lewis J. C. Poppe was born March 17, 1892, in New Bremen, the son of Joseph and Wilhelmina (Conradi) Poppe. He entered the Army in April, 1918 and was assigned to Infantry, Company D, 16th Regiment of the First Division. He served in AEF, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Defensive Sector. He was awarded the Silver Star. Private Poppe was honorably discharged August 5, 1919.

During 1918 many people were losing their lives to the Spanish flu. More people died of influenza during this pandemic than were killed in battle in WWI. The Spanish flu, also known as La Grippe, was an unusually severe form of influenza virus that affected young adults. The pandemic seemed to come in waves and one of the worst times was in the fall of 1918. Since the virus was spread through crowded conditions The *Sun* reported that New Bremen would be under quarantine with no school or church services. The health department gave advice on avoiding the disease.

The first report on October 4th from Camp Sherman noted that soldiers Oscar Schwepe and Willis Laut were quite ill with Spanish influenza. The same issue noted the death from Spanish flu of Pvt. Herman Henry Soelman at Camp Taylor in Kentucky. Pvt. Soelman was just 23 ½ years old and had been in service to his country just 5 weeks. The *Sun* continued to give influenza reports throughout October.

A report that the parents of Pvt. Curt Ihle went to Camp Custer, Michigan when notified of his serious illness feared to be influenza was published in the *Sun* on October 11, 1918. Sadly the October 25th issue carried his death notice along with that of another New Bremen resident, Mrs. Emma Fledderjohann, wife of Dr. F. F. Fledderjohann.

PROFOUND SORROW...

A shadow of gloom and deep sorrow has been cast over the community in general through the passing of Mrs. Dr. F. F. Fledderjohann, who was called in death, Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock, and through the death of Private Curt Ihle at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., only son of Mr. & Mrs. Martin Ihle, S. Walnut Street. Both are victims of Spanish influenza followed by pneumonia.

The critical condition of Mrs. Fledderjohann had hardly been known to anyone, not even her own family circle until a few hours before her leavetaking, wherefore the announcement of her death came as a profound shock to her wide circle of local acquaintances. The grief stricken husband and the two little sons as well as other near relatives are subject of sincere sympathy in the hour of trial and bereavement. She had been down with the disease scarcely a week when pneumonia developed, which quickly hastened the end...

...After suffering an attack of Spanish influenza, which is so prevalent in nearly all the government cantonments as well as throughout the civilian population the world over, Private Curt Ihle, breathed his last, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan. His precarious condition had been reported to his parents here about 10 days before his death and immediately his mother hastened to his bedside in the base hospital, where she with all her experience in years gone by as a trained nurse, was able to administer the best care to her only son. But with all the skillful medical treatment accorded him in the hospital as well as the ever ready hands of his mother, the cold hand of death could not be stayed. Much satisfaction is however felt by the sorrowing mother at having been permitted to attend her son during his final illness. Immediately after death had stepped in, arrangements were made to have the body transported to New Bremen and aside from Mrs. Ihle the remains were accompanied by a soldier comrade, namely Frank Guetlein. The party arrived here Monday afternoon...

The November 1st issue of the *Sun* reported no new cases and the quarantine was lifted.

The people of New Bremen were hopeful that the war would soon be over and the Nov 8th headline shows they were ready to celebrate. The headline reads "Was Spontaneous" and refers to a rumor of armistice that was believed official led to a spontaneous peace celebration on Nov. 7. The celebration began with whistles blowing and bells ringing then school and business places closed and an impromptu band led a parade through the streets. The celebration continued into the night. Unfortunately there was another headline in that issue that stated the rumor was not true and the armistice was not official.

When the official announcement came that "Hostilities between German and Allied Forces ceased Monday Nov. 11" the *Sun* reported that New Bremen celebrated again with a shorter program of festivities and ended with Mayor Huenke's statement that "Now the time is eagerly being awaited when the boys from camps and from 'over there' will again arrive home."

*Mr. & Mrs. E. G. Conradi made a trip to the west coast in the **Summer of 1904**. Mr. Conradi wrote a series of letters that were published in the *New Bremen Sun* so that his friends in New Bremen could follow his travels. Upon Emil's return to Ohio, his friends asked him to write about his visit to Yellowstone National Park. (*New Bremen Sun*, July 8-15-22, 1904.)*

Brief Timeline of Yellowstone

- 1872 – Named first national park
- 1877 – Nez Perce Indians flee the U. S. Army through Yellowstone
- 1883 - Northern Pacific Railroad reaches northern gate of Yellowstone
- 1886 - Poaching, vandalism rampant in park . U. S. Army arrives to manage park.
- 1903 – President Theodore Roosevelt dedicated arch in Gardiner *For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People*
- 1915 – First automobile allowed in park
- 1918 - U. S. Army turns park management over to National Park Service.



E. G. CONRADI

the springs and geysers, and other natural curiosities in their original state, even the wild animals, of which there are many in the Park, dare not be molested in any manner. Guards are continually patrolling every nook and corner of importance seeing that visitors do not trespass.

We entered the Park from the north through the main entrance over which there is a stone arch bearing the inscription "***For The Benefit And Enjoyment Of The People.***" The Northern Pacific R.R. runs a branch from its main line at Livingston 54 miles to the southward to Gardiner, a small

village situated right at the entrance of the Park. Here one can board a stage coach which takes one five miles into the Park to the first or Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, and from where one can by means of stage coach or private conveyance reach all the important sights throughout the Park, hotels being erected convenient distances apart so that tourists are made as comfortable as it is possible under the circumstances. The Park, of course, is free, and one is not bound to go by stage coach – nor to stop at the hotels, but since it is in a certain sense a wilderness containing many dangerous places, and because of the immense distances that must be traveled in getting from one sightseeing station to another one, it is advisable for anyone who is not very well acquainted there or not used to leading a rough mountain life, to take that course. The hotel business is in the hands of the Yellowstone Park Association, and the Yellowstone Park Transportation Co. has the privilege of running stage coaches and furnishing other vehicles. With these two companies the rail road companies have an arrangement by which they can sell tickets covering the entire route of the Park, hotel accommodations included...

...The branch line alone of the Northern Pacific leading from Livingston to Gardiner leads through a romantic and much diversified canon of the Yellowstone river, known as Yankee Jim canon, and from it the tourist imagines he can form an idea of what he will see in the Park but as it is often called it is a veritable Wonderland, at least it proved to be that to us. Before we had gotten over one surprise there invariably appeared another and a greater one upon the scene. After one has become somewhat accustomed to seeing the grandeur, the oddity and the fearfulness on all sides, he is invariably impressed with the strange custom of naming so many of the wonders after the devil. In fact this becomes so odd that in commenting on this fact one day, one of our party suggested that the best way of describing the Park in a few words would be to call it a devilish place. Even before one reaches the Park he passes the Devil's Slide on the side of mountain. It reminded me of a track that children will make with a sled in wintertime coasting down a hill; only this was the bare ground, pulverized with streaks in it, looking for all the world as if someone had many a time slid down from the top of the mountain to the valley below where the railroad passes.

Shortly after entering the Park we were impressed with the grand scenery along the way. The coach was drawn by six gray horses who seemed to take particular delight in whirling us around the curves along the river bank at an extremely lively gait, so lively that at times it seemed uncomfortable. However, before our tour was finished we had become accustomed to that kind of driving. The entire distance covered by stage coach

THE WONDERLAND OF AMERICA

A Place Where the Devil Receives Consideration

The Wonders Not Only Beautiful But At Times Also Terrible

Much has been said and volumes have been written about the wonders and beauties that Nature has wrought in the great Yellowstone National Park... Of course, being located in the heart of the Rockies, one can without knowing anything more about it feel certain that there are some grand and inspiring scenes within its borders. But of the real magnitude and vastness and grandeur of it all I fear I shall not be able to give my readers a correct idea.

As any map of the United States will show us, the Park is situated in the northwestern part of Wyoming with a narrow margin on the north and west extending into Montana and Idaho. If I remember distinctly the outline of the Park is rectangular and measures about 55 miles from north to south and about 65 miles from east to west, including an area of over 3,000,000 acres. Many years ago this vast tract of land was set aside by the government of the United States as a National Park, to be kept in its original condition as nearly as possible. One is very liable to be misled in forming an idea of this extent of country by the term park that is applied to it. By a park one generally understands an area on which Nature and man have worked hand in hand in producing the highest type of beauty that is pleasing to the eye to behold.

This Yellowstone National Park, however, is a noteworthy exception to the rule. Here man is not permitted to assist Nature nor is he permitted to interfere with her ways. Everything, with the exception of the Government fort near the northern entrance, the hotels and the Government roads with their necessary improvements, is today in the same state in which it was discovered, unless Nature herself has wrought changes without some outside influences. The Government takes particular pains in keeping things such as formations around

from the time we left Gardiner on Saturday morning until we arrived there again on Thursday evening of the following week was just 143 miles. The first novel and impressive sight to attract our attention after entering, and in fact it draws the attention of all visitors to the Park, was Eagle Nest Rock. It is a high and prominent cliff projecting out from the bluff across the river, and in its topmost point where neither a human nor any other being could get a foot hold there is seen an eagle's nest. When we passed it again upon our return we not only saw an eagle's nest but on it sat an eagle, calmly and contentedly viewing the anxious crowd below - possibly with contempt in his eyes, but that we could not and cared not to discern.

"Kindhearted hospitality" reigns supreme at their hotels, and the visitors are received with a cordiality that is indeed impressive. The first hotel, as its name indicates, is located near Mammoth Hot Springs, and in close proximity is also Fort Yellowstone where the Second Regiment U. S. Cavalry is stationed. Upon a high prominence in front of the hotel and possibly $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile distant are planted a half dozen canon, one of which is fired every morning at sunrise and again in the evening at sunset. From the veranda of the hotel one has within easy view the terraces formed by the ever bubbling and ever boiling hot springs and which are possibly the prettiest things that come to his view during all his journey through the Park. In the afternoon of the first day we were conducted to and over these terraces by a competent guide, and before we had reached the highest point of these formations we had ascended 1,000 feet above the level of the hotel, and it stands 6,000 feet above the sea level.

HOT SPRINGS AND GEYSERS AND OTHER WONDERS IN THEIR ORDER

How the Government Protects the Wild Animals in the Park.

Peculiar Experience at an Altitude of 6,000 Feet.

...Here is where one sees some of the most beautiful of Nature, reminding involuntarily of ice formations around a waterfall in winter time, only the colorings range from the purest white through all the different shades to green and blue and a dark brown. The water to the eye is as clear as crystal, and it contains a mineral substance which as the water cools forms in fibers, and these finally harden causing the wonderful formations. In places the springs seemingly have died out, leaving crevices and cave-like openings in the rocky surfaces; prominent among these are Cupid's Cave and the Devil's Kitchen. In the former are some of the rarest and whitest stalactite and stalagmite formations that the traveler will see anywhere. This cave, however, is so small that one must either crawl or walk in a very stooped position through it, so our party was satisfied with just looking into it. But the Devil's Kitchen is a large crevice in the ridge of one of the formations with an opening just wide enough to admit of a ladder and a robust man. This cave is 45 feet deep and possibly only as many long with a width at the bottom of about 15 feet. Our party nearly all descended into this kitchen - a young, fleshy German finding it quite difficult to get through the aperture - and wondered at the remarkable fitness of the names, for clinging against and under the sloping sides one sees almost numberless formations a stalagmitic order resembling kitchen utensils such as kettles, skillets, pans, etc. But so it is all through the Park, every

formation and every natural curiosity has a name that involuntarily suggests itself to the observer as soon as it comes into view.

There are the Devil's Thumb, a rocky formation protruding from the side of the terraces, the Devil's Frying Pan, a small pool along the road side continually spluttering and bubbling like a pan of hot lard, the Devil's Ink Well is one of the geysers, the Devil's Boiler is composed of several large vents in the rocks along the road side from which an immeasurable quantity of roaring steam is continually escaping, and so on without end. As one drives along the Government road from the Mammoth Springs to the first geyser basin 20 miles away one passes by the Roaring Mountain within a quarter of a mile, the side of which is covered with vents from which steam is escaping causing a roaring noise like a passing train. Along the road side is also a natural spring of Apollonaris water and an Iron spring. The Twin Lakes are divided by a narrow strip of land, the one containing water as blue as the sky while in the other it is as green as grass. Besides these wonders the scenery in the main is grand; with all the streams, the rapids, the cascades and the water falls, the snow-capped mountains that one continually sees in the distance on all sides, the deer and the elk grazing along the mountain sides and in the valleys, to say nothing of the smaller wild animals and the bears that one meets almost at every turn, the journey through the Park alone is one continuous sightseeing excursion.

The wild animals, it must be remembered, are protected by the Government just like all the natural curiosities; no one is permitted to molest them in any way, the penalty being a \$1,000 fine or two years imprisonment. So it is readily understood why the animals do not fear man. There are also two herds of bison in the Park, each composed of about 25 head. One herd is running wild while the other one is kept in a large enclosure containing hundreds of acres. Jack Rabbits and Ground Hogs are also very plentiful, though one does not see so many of the former as of the latter. Nearly every stream and lake is full of fish, principally trout and these may be caught anywhere unless it is especially forbidden by the Park Superintendent who is also the commander at the fort.

After we had reached the first geyser basin, we were so to speak literally in the midst of geysers until we reached the grand canyon of the Yellowstone River on the 5th day in the Park. It almost makes me shudder now as I write the lines when I think of the many terrible holes and pools of hot and boiling water that we saw on every side for two whole days. Often times we felt as if we were literally walking on geysers and hot pools so numerous were they around us. Of course, it is grand in spite of its being terrible to see a real geyser spout its boiling water skyward, and at first sight fills the spectator with a peculiar feeling of satisfaction because of the fact of seeing such a wonder with his own eyes. And strange that no two of them are formed alike or act alike, though they all seem to contain more or less sulphur in solution, at least judging by the odor of the steam. Here is a small opening that sends up its spout 35 feet high every 2 or 3 minutes; there is one that "plays" every 20 minutes, while yonder is one that spouts forth its boiling contents every few days, and another one every few weeks, and so on through the list. Some "play" at regular intervals while others again seem to play when the notion strikes them. One of the most noted of the larger geysers is Old

Faithful, which plays regularly about every 65 minutes, sending its stream to a height of 150 feet continually for 2 or 3 minutes. There are some that go higher yet, but we did not see any during our stay.

Besides these active geysers there are innumerable so-called pools, some boiling hot, others just hot but not boiling while still others are simply warm and have their water, which nearly everywhere is as clear as crystal, lying perfectly still so that on approaching one might take them to be mirrors, but upon looking down into them one is filled with amazement at the revelry of colors that is contained in them.

AMID SNOW DRIFTS ON A JUNE DAY

Sulphur Springs and a Mud Geyser among the Wonders in the Park.

The Grand Canyon, the Falls of the Yellowstone and a Farewell to the Wonderland.

...The sudden appearance of a couple of sulphur springs that are incessantly sputtering and dashing about a quantity of the purest yellowish-green sulphur in solution, and spectators dare not go too near for fear that the hot mass suddenly spurts up into their faces. Then again along the road side leading from Yellowstone Lake Hotel to the grand canyon of the Yellowstone River, the visitor is astonished to find a mud geyser, frequently called a mud volcano, this is an opening broken out of the side of a mountain, circular in shape and measuring probably 25 feet in diameter. It contains a boiling mass of fluid similar in color and composition to the bluish sediment that comes out of the bottom of an old well. At present the contents are just boiling and splashing about 15 feet from the top impressing one as if a thousand imps were taking a morning bath, kicking and splashing the mud in their agony...

...The Devil's Paint Pots are nothing more nor less than immense cauldrons, in the surface of a level plateau, filled with a thick composition of lime that is and has for ages been continually slacking – boiling and spurting up in bubbles just exactly like when the mason slacks his lime in the pit. The only difference is that these pots, which in places are so near together that they are only divided by narrow crusty partitions, contain solutions of many colors. The largest one contains seemingly the purest, whitest lime, while his neighbors run through all tints to yellow, pink and brown.

Four entire days of hot springs, geysers, paint pots and the like have a tendency to tire the visitor, at least we found it so, and what would otherwise be great wonders in their line, now fail to make much of an impression on the mind. Steam vents and boiling pools become so common that they receive but a passing glance. However, this monotony is relieved by many variations along the road from one station to another, and though our longest drive was 40 miles in one day, we did not tire of it in the least, so many changes of scenery does one notice...

... Here in the park there are no tunnels, but the roads lead up and around the mountains through valleys and gulches where possible, and over the mountains where there is no other alternative. The first day of our drive we made 40 miles and climbed 1,000 feet; the second day we made about 10 miles

and climbed 600 feet; the third day from the Old Faithful Inn around Yellowstone Lake to the Yellowstone Lake Hotel, a distance of 35 miles, gave us probably the most romantic experience of the entire journey. On the first 10 miles of the drive we climbed to the wonderful height of 8,345 feet and crossed the continental divide, passing a small lake way up there in the mountains that discharged its waters on the north towards the Atlantic and on the south towards the Pacific; it is called the Twin Ocean Pond. This was on the 14th day of June, and for about two hours we were riding amidst snow drifts often attaining a height of six feet and over. When we had attained the highest point we could look up on the mountain slopes hundreds of feet and see nothing but one continuous mass of snow. Every now and then we would pass a gang of men who were busy shoveling snow off the road so that vehicles in opposite directions could pass each other. It was indeed a pleasant sensation to be able to reach out of the coach and make snowballs on a warm June day. However, the eye soon tired of the monitory and many avoided the afternoon ride by taking a boat across Yellowstone Lake.

Some of the most beautiful scenery was left though for us to see on the last day of our stay – the Falls and the Grand Canyon of the but one exceedingly novel experience – the Yellowstone river. Much has been said and written about this wonderful natural scenery, but I am sure I have never found a description anywhere that would tend to give a person an idea of the grandeur and beauty displayed here. The upper falls are 109 feet high and the lower tumble over a precipice 308 feet deep. The sides of the river below the falls are steep, pulverized slopes extending up over 1500 feet, making the river appear like a fine silken thread. And the revelry of color on those slopes is simply indescribable. When the sun shines into this canyon it produces a splendor and brilliancy of color that is dazzling to the eye. The members of our party all agreed that the Mammoth Hot Springs and the Grand Canyon are rival points of beauty, to see these alone it would pay anyone to journey to the park.

The sixth day again brought us to the place at which we had entered, and there at about 7 o'clock in the evening we bid good-bye to the Wonderland and heaved a sigh of relief when we again boarded our train that was homeward bound. Some of the friends made here we shall, however, never forget.

E. G. Conradi

Emil Gustave Conradi (1872-1964) was born and grew up on the family farm in German Township, New Bremen, Ohio. His parents were Carl Friedrich Wilhelm and Gertrude (Bruetsch) Conradi. He graduated from New Bremen High School in 1889. He taught school in the New Bremen School system and became the Editor of *The Star of Western Ohio*, a New Bremen German newspaper and *The New Bremen Sun*, the English newspaper.

On December 25, 1894 he married Ida Boesel. They lived in the large brick home, built by Ida's father, Jacob Boesel, at 116 West Monroe Street that still stands today in the heart of New Bremen. Emil was Mayor of New Bremen from 1903-1907.

HISTORY MYSTERY



This photo was sent to us by Art Schad (Mt. Vernon, OH) earlier this year. He said that he found it in his house and has no idea where it came from. We know that the picture was taken on the school grounds on S. Franklin Street. In the background is the Auglaize Furniture Factory building which later became Seiberling. Two of the boys are wearing New Bremen Cardinal t-shirts. We posted it on social media but no one was able to identify the children. We are counting on our Towpath readers to name these young people.



The Woodman of the World Circle #6141 celebrated their 35th anniversary in 1983. Can you name these members?

Answer (Standing: Anna Hudson, Elodie Sollman, Helen Dammeyer, Corrine Schwieterman, Susie Hirschfeld, Inez Fox
Seated: Laverta Scheer, Frances Ahlers, Viola Hegemier, Katherine Knost, Anna Topp)

New Bremen Historic Association

P.O. Box 73

New Bremen, Ohio 45869-0073



NBHA Museum – 120 N. Main St.

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New Bremen, OH

45869

Address Service Requested

PLEASE KEEP US ADVISED OF ANY ADDRESS CHANGES.

UPCOMING EVENTS

The Luelleman House & the Pape House will be open from 1-3 PM on the 4th Sunday of June, July, August, September & October.

If you wish to visit at other times, call any Board Member for an appointment. We always have lots of interesting things for you to see, so please plan to visit.

DO YOU HAVE A HIGH SCHOOL REUNION PLANNED THIS YEAR? IF SO, PLEASE SHARE A PICTURE WITH US FOR THE TOWPATH.

Send your photo by email to gen@nktelco.net

**or by mail to NBHA, P. O. Box 73,
New Bremen, OH 45869-0073**

BREMENFEST in New Bremen

August 17-19, 2018

New Bremen PUMPKINFEST

September 28 & 29, 2018

The New Bremen Third-Graders visited the Luelleman House and the Pape House this Spring. They enjoyed writing their names on the blackboard in the Schoolroom!

